THE VOICES OF THE WINDS.

All the voices of the winds
Speak a language unto me,
Full of grandeur is their speech,
Full of weight and mystery!

As they sweep around the world,
Keeping time with force and space,
So they tell their tales to all—
Tell their tales in every place!

Wond'rous stories have the winds,
Latest news from all the zones,
Full of passion, wild and weird,
Full of anguish, sobs, and moans!

Softly murmurs in low tones—
Murmurs soft the breeze to me,
Perfume laden is its breath—
Fraught with love and melody!

Terror striking are the winds,
Massing storm-clouds in the skies,
Hosts of furies seizing space—
Dealing death with dreadful cries!

Unseen warriors are the winds,
As they meet, and will not yield,
Winged leaders—battle kings,
Fighting on a viewless field!

O, the voices of the winds,
Sweeping o'er the earth and sea,
Keeping time to spaceless night,
Chant God's grandest melody!

Sound your dirges, then, O winds,
Soft and sweetly—I am sad!
Gayly sing when clouds pass by!
Sing, O winds—my heart is glad!
—Ella Dare, in Inter Ocean.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

He came to the door and knocked. I heard him distinctly, but made no answer. I hoped he might go away, and yet I did not want him to do that. He knocked again, then entered. I knew it was Will Hanley now, because I could feel his presence. For an instant he stood on the threshold, evidently surveying me in silent wonder, and unable to comprehend the meaning of the reception I gave him. Finally he spoke:

"Agnes," he said, "didn't you hear me knock?"

I made no reply, but buried my head deeper among the bed clothing. He was certainly perplexed by the strangeness of my behavior. It was so different from what he had always known of me. Coming a step or two nearer he spoke again, and there was a trace of sadness in his voice, I am sure.

"Agnes, I have come to see you at last," he said. "Have you no welcome for me?"

Still I did not answer one word. I could not have spoken if I had tried, for I was choking with grief.

"Agnes," he continued, "are you angry with me? I would have come sooner but they wouldn't let me. I came to the house every day and begged them to let me come to your room, but they said I couldn't. I shouldn't be here now only everybody is from home except Aunt Mary, and I plead and begged till she let me come. I've thought of you every hour, and wanted to come because I thought you'd be glad to see me."

He paused as if expecting me to say something, but I maintained a strict silence. He continued:

"Agnes, ain't you glad I came? You ain't angry with me, are you?"

He was by my side now, and his tone was so pathetic, so pleading, so sad, that it went to my heart like a dagger. I would have given the world to have turned my face to him and told him how glad I was to have him there. But I dared not. I could not bear to let him look upon me.

He waited a moment, then came close to me and placed his hands on my head to lift me up. I struggled but his strength was so much greater than mine that he overcame me directly, and in spite of all my efforts he raised my head and looked fairly in my face.

I shall never forget the look that swept over his features at that instant. The blank astonishment, the slight revulsion, and the mingling of pity and love. For a moment he shrank from me, but pity overcame every other feeling in his heart, and drawing me to him he kissed me. Oh, what a relief it was to have the trying ordeal over, and to know that my one friend had not turned from me with loathing. To

"AGNES, AIN'T YOU GLAD I CAME?"

know that, altered as I was, his sympathy his pity and his love were still mine.

"Why, how foolish you are," he said, when I expressed my emotions to him. "Did you suppose I would think less of you because you met with this great misfortune?"

"I thought you must," I replied. "My face looked so terrible when I saw it in the mirror that I almost loathed it myself."

"Well, I don't," he replied, emphatically, "and I like you just as well as I ever did. Of course I miss your beautiful hair, and I'd give everything I ever saw if your face wasn't scarred; but I don't think any less of you for that. You're just as good as you was before, and that's why I liked you, and you won't look so bad, neither, when we get used to you as you are."

How those words cheered me. After hearing them my affliction seemed to fade away until I almost wondered why I had allowed it to grieve me, and I felt that I could face the world without a shudder. The one whose good opinion I held supreme had not turned from me, and what more could I ask?

Through weeks, months and years I bore my scars patiently and cheerfully, happy in the knowledge that Will Hanley did not mind them, and I little dreamed that there was a time coming in which they would prove a barrer to our friendship and love, driving us apart, and bringing to me the great suffering of my life.

CHAPTER VII.
CAST OUT FROM HOME.

The next six years of my existence had as well be left blank in this narrative. There is little in them worth recording, and nothing perhaps, that one would care to know. My life through all that time was one long, unbroken stretch of persecutions and sufferings and the memories I have of it are not pleasant to recall, and I would rather draw a veil over them and shut them away from the public gaze. Would to Heaven I could shut them out of my memory as well, and never be haunted by them again. But that is impossible. The misery those years brought me will live in my mind as long as I live. They are too indelibly fixed there to be erased by time or change, and through all my days they will stand before me as unwelcome specters.

Those six years brought changes, it is true, but my condition was not made better by them. My stepmother's dislike increased as I grew up, and she became more wicked and heartless in her dealings with me every day. My sister came to be almost as cruel to me, in so far as she had the power, as her mother was. She was thoroughly selfish, and with age that characteristic grew stronger in her nature so that before she had reached her fifteenth year she had no care for anyone and only valued her friends according to their ability to supply her wants. I could do little for her beyond such services as a cheap hireling might have rendered, and consequently was of small moment to her. She declined to have any sisterly relations with me, never spoke to me kindly, never would go into public with me, and in every way deported herself toward me as a mistress might toward the lowest menial.

My father continued to show me the same neglect and cold indifference that had characterized him from the first. He apparently had no idea of my physical or mental needs, and never devoted a thought, I'm sure, to my future. He gave me no training, no advice, no instructions, but permitted me to grow up in my surroundings, imbibing whatever ideas of life and its duties I chanced to form in my ignorance. His cruelties increased in the same proportion as my stepmother's hatred, for the more she faulted me the more occasion he had to inflict punishment. Still, in spite of all, I continued to love him and to long for his love in return.

For a long time Will Hanley and I were together frequently, and as he continued to let his sympathy go out to me in the old way he was a source of happiness to me, as he had been from the first. But at last there came a day of separation. He went to the city to attend school, and during the remaining three years I lived at home I never saw him or heard anything concerning him. Our parting, which took place down back of the orchard, where I had first met him, was full of true sorrow, which, I'm sure, was mutual, and, besides a great many promises made regarding the future, we agreed to write to each other every week. He was to write first and tell me how to address my letters, and then I was to answer immediately. I rejoiced in this arrangement, and no one can tell how fondly I looked forward to the coming of his first letter—which, alas, never came.

Ah, how impatiently I brooked the long delay, as day after day passed, and the weeks ran into months, and the letter for which I still eagerly watched and prayed failed to come to hand. At last I abandoned all hope of its coming, and then when I sought for the reason of its failure I guessed the truth. My stepmother had received and destroyed that letter as she did all those that for months followed it. At the time I supposed she was doing it to annoy me, and to deprive me of the small meed of enjoyment those letters might bring, but afterwards I learned that she had a deeper purpose in view.

Will Hanley was handsome, and it was well understood that he was heir to a snug fortune. Although my sister was but a child, my stepmother was already planning out her matrimonial career, and had conceived the idea of marrying her, when she had reached womanhood, to Will Hanley. With that aim before her it was to her interest to interrupt, and, if possible, break up the friendship existing between him and me. So she destroyed his letters, and prevented any communication between us, leaving him to wonder at my silence and me to chaff and worry because of her perfidy.

When my sister reached her fifteenth year she was sent away to college. I wanted to go, too, because I had a great love for learning, and in a desultory way had managed to pick up a very good common school education. So strong was my desire for a term at college that I dared approach my father on the subject, asking in all humility that I might be granted that one pleasure. He heard me as I falteringly and tremblingly made known my wish, then, turning on me with a frown, said:

"What do you want to go to college for? You can't learn anything, and you wouldn't do anything but disgrace Mary if you went. Do you suppose she would want you there and have everybody pointing to you as her sister?"

"I could go to a different school," I ventured to suggest, "where no one would know of her, and where she wouldn't have any occasion to feel ashamed of me."

"Well, you're not going anywhere, so you needn't say any more about it. I've got no money to fool away on you, and besides you're needed here. Your ma has plenty of use for you, and the best place for you is in the kitchen. You haven't intelligence enough to do anything but housework, and you never will have, so you're going to stick to it."

"Am I to be a drudge forever?" I asked, exhibiting a little spirit.

"You're not going to college, and you're going to stay here and attend to your work, so that's all there is to it. Now get out about your business and let's not hear any more foolishness from you."

Reader, you may feel inclined to doubt my statements. You may be inclined to think that a parent could not be so unnatural. I wish I had a reason for doubting them myself. But, alas, I have not. Those cruel words of my father's cut too deep into my heart to ever admit of a doubt, and should it be possible for me to live an eternity I should never, never forget them.

If such a thing is possible, I was more miserable than ever, though I think that not likely. I saw nothing before me but a life of drudgery. It seemed that I was to be a servant forever. I lost the little hope I had entertained of a change for the better which was to come sometime in the future. My soul was completely steeped in misery and all of its sensations were full of pain.

But, as it transpired, only two or three months of that life lay before me. Then a change came, and whether it was for the better or the worse my readers must judge. I was driven from home and cast upon the world in all my ignorance to make my own living.

My stepmother had a second child, who, at the time of which I write, was six or seven years old. One morning this child did something which angered its mother and she undertook to punish it. She was in a bad humor, even for

"GO, INSTANTLY!"

her, and as she proceeded with the punishment she became frenzied and beat the child unmercifully. I was present and bore with it as long as I could, not wishing to interfere where I had no right. But the child's pitiful cries and the pleading manner in which it held its hand out to me wrought me up to desperation, and unable to retain my self-control longer I sprang forward to the rescue of the helpless one and dragged it away from its infuriated mother, shielding it with my own person from her cruel blows. I got the child out of the room, then turned to face the mother, who stood fuming and boiling with anger, her eyes glaring on me like those of a frenzied beast.

I did not shrink under her gaze, for I was thoroughly angry, too, and I did not fear her. For a little while we stood so, then she started toward me with her rod uplifted. I took up a light chair that stood near and held it in readiness for self-defense.

"You attempt to strike me," I cried, "and you do it at your peril."

My looks and my tone awed her, and for once she quailed before me. She fell back and for a moment glared at me in dumb anger, then, recovering the power of speech, she pointed to the door, saying:

"Go. Leave this house instantly, and never set your foot inside it again. Go."

My father came in and he repeated the command. Then I gathered my few possessions together and stepped over the threshold of my father's house never to return. I went out into the world alone and friendless, a stranger among strangers to seek a home and a resting place—where?

CHAPTER VIII.
ADRIFT IN THE WIDE WORLD.

It was a fair warm day with the soft sunlight lying over the earth, and as I walked down the old lane where I had romped so often in childhood the red clover fields were abloom on either hand. Yet I saw nothing of this, and was scarcely cognizant of the fact that the sun shone. Nature might have been in her happiest mood, and I am inclined to think she was, and I would not have noted it. I had no eyes for anything about me, no thoughts for anything save myself and the scene through which I had just passed.

It was a relief to know that the old life of suffering was at an end, yet the knowledge brought a feeling of sadness to my heart. The old home was dear to me, though the memories connected with it were anything but endearing, and, in spite of all I had endured there, my soul clung to the old place with a strange, unaccountable fondness. Then, too, the thought of leaving my father, never, perhaps, to see him again; the thought of parting from him as I had—to carry in my mind through all the years of my life a remembrance of him as I saw him last, cruel, stern, angry and forbidding; to bear in my memory, always, his picture as I saw him that morning, standing erect in the middle of the room, his eyes sparkling with anger, his face dark and frowning, his voice cold and hard, and his hand pointing to the door through which he had sternly bidden me pass never to return: the remembrance stirred my soul to its depths, and the anger that had filled me and sustained me died out, giving place to a feeling of wretchedness that prostrated me completely.

I could not go on then, and sinking down by the wayside I burst into tears. Never before had I realized how dearly I loved my father, and never had I so keenly felt the pangs his cruelties and neglect inflicted upon me. All the pain he had caused me from childhood up rushed into my soul in that one moment. I endured again all the hard things he had spoken to me, and all the blows he had given me. Yet, I loved him, and grieved because of our separation.

As I sat by the roadside with my face covered by my hands, I heard some one approaching, and looking up I saw Aunt Mary. Her eyes were damp and I knew she had been weeping, too. She did not speak, and I think her heart was too full to admit of it, but she came and sat down by me and put her arms around me and drew me to her, and held me so for a long time. Her sympathy so delicately expressed had a wonderfully soothing effect upon me, and by degrees I grew calm.

"Aunt Mary," I at last ventured to remark, "no matter what happens, or who turns from me, you love me."

"Yes, chile, I done tole yo' dat. Sich lub an' sympaty as a no 'count ole niggah has got to gib yo's gwine to git, sho' an' sartin. Yo' jis' b'ar dat in min', now; an' don't yo' neber go an' forgit it. No mattah wher yo' is, honey, ner how fer in de future de time is, if de day eber comes when yo' feels de need ob me yo' jis' let me know, an' I'll come to yo' if I has to take my foot in my han' an' walk a thousan' miles to git dar. Dat's jis' 'zackly what I'll do, chile, if I's got der breff ob life in my po' ole body. Yo' jis' 'member dat now, an' don' yo' fergit to let me know if yo' needs me."

"I'll never forget you, Aunt Mary," I replied, "and I'll never forget how good and kind you've been to me; and if ever I need a friend I'll remember that I've got one in you."

"I warrant you'll do all dat, honey," she observed, "but yo' ain't done said dat yo'll send for me if yo' needs me."

"I will say it, then," said I. "If I should get sick, and likely to not get well, I'll send for you, Aunt Mary, because then I'd want some one near who loved me, and there is no one else I could call for."

Aunt Mary made no answer, but I heard her murmur the words:

"Po' chile, po' chile!"

There was a long pause, after which I continued:

"I don't know where I shall go, Aunt Mary, nor where I shall find a stopping place. I know nobody and know nothing of the world, and I have no idea where I shall find a home or friends. But I suppose I shall find them somewhere, or at least I suppose I shall manage in some way to live."

"Yes, honey, I reckon so," Aunt Mary replied, "but I's 'feerd you'll fin' de worl' mouty col' an' unfeelin'. Dem as goes out frien'less giner'ly habs a hard row to hoe. Marse Dan'el ain't got de feelin' for yo' what a fadder ought to hab, I s'pecks, yit I dunno if he won't be sorry 'fore to-morrow for what he done said dis mornin', an' meb-by if yo' wuz to stop somewhere nigh 'bout he'd let yo' come back home 'fore many days."

"No, Aunt Mary," said I, "he told me to go and never return, and I never shall. I regret to go, and if he had not driven me away I would have remained and borne patiently with the cruelties of my life, but now I shall never return."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SAGACITY OF WABBLES.

How a Cat of That Name Overcame a Big Rodent.

The office cat who chews up rejected manuscripts for one of the big morning newspapers rejoices in the name of Wabbles, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. This eccentric cognomen was bestowed upon her through the remarkable habit that she has of continually walking sideways with her tail all askew and the general unsteadiness of her bearing. But Wabbles, though she may excite hilarity by her unique demeanor, is no fool. She proved this fact very thoroughly last night, and if she could comprehend the compliments that have since been showered upon her she would certainly be a very bad case of feline swelled head. Wabbles is particularly fond of masticating unused telegraph copy and at night she frequents the telegraphers' room. The rats which live in the old walls of the building have a penchant for the same apartment and the copy readers frequently lay aside their deadly blue pencils to witness a finish fight between Wabbles and some pugnacious rodent. Yesterday evening, shortly after the men had reached their desks, a series of squeaks from one of the dark corners announced the fact that a battle was going on. This time Wabbles was plainly in for it. Her opponent was a veteran with long gray whiskers, and he sailed into the feline with gore in his optic. It soon became evident to the interested spectators that Wabbles was slowly retreating, and odds were freely laid that the rodent would score a knockout. In the center of the room stood a bucket half-filled with water which one of the scrubbers had left there. Wabbles retreated toward it. The rat followed. When the bucket was reached the cat shot into the air, caught the rat in the back of the neck, and with a vicious swing dropped her enemy into the soapy depths of the pail. Then, waving her tail in triumph, she ambled over to the stove and calmly went to sleep beneath it. The rat went to a watery grave.

Up on Scripture.

A few days ago a number of colored men were conversing in one of the lower corridors of the city hall. One of the party was expostulating on the demerits of a certain man. "Do you think he will win?" asked one. The speaker hesitated a moment, and drawing upon his Biblical knowledge for an illustration, which was somewhat astray on account of defective memory, replied: "No, sir; his doom is already read in the handwriting on the wall, 'Mene, Mene, Tekel, you Pharisee.'"—Washington Post.

If geologists be correct New Zealand is a fragment of a continent which sank beneath the waters as the new world rose. It is a relic of a bygone age.

STOCK ITEMS.

Arrange the quarters for the cattle so that they can be divided up according to size.

Different breeds of sheep do better in different localities; remember this in selecting breeding animals.

By grading up well you can feed to a better advantage and sell at a better price when ready to market.

Whenever a sheep does not grow a profitable fleece of wool the sooner it is fattened and marketed the better.

In feeding at this time many make the mistake of feeding too much corn at the start and the pigs get stunted on it.

Many western farmers have yet to learn that good pork can be fattened with little or no corn if proper care is taken.

Always build the poultry house and the hog house a considerable distance apart, it will be safer at least for the poultry.

Hogs that are supplied with a good variety and with clean quarters and pure water, rarely suffer for want of an appetite.

Young sows demand a certain age to ripen and develop and cause them to show the good ancestry from which they spring.

With lambs, as with other young stock, it is an item to have them come at nearly the same time so as to receive an even lot.

If necessary to fatten an old cow on dry feed confine her in a small yard and give her all the ground grain with hay that she can eat.

An ewe that will raise two lambs and grows in addition a good wool clip will repay her owner fully 200 per cent. on the money invested.

It is a slow task to attempt to improve scrub stock on the farm by selection when the work of others can be gotten so much cheaper.

With stock, as with many other things, it is easy to make so many changes that there will be no real benefit to those making them.

The objection to cooking food for hogs is the extra work required, many considering that the small increase gained does not pay for the work.

Early in the fall, while the weather is cool, is the best time to fatten cattle as well as hogs, and it will pay to crowd the feeding as much as possible.

Western farmers can hardly afford to feed cattle for the manure, although, if properly managed, it is of sufficient value to pay for the work of feeding.

While the western farmer could hardly discard corn altogether in fattening his hogs, in many cases the quantity used might be lessened to a good advantage.

FARM NOTES.

A good corn harvester will lessen the work of cutting up the winter's supply of fodder.

Many orchards when they should be at their best are failures because they are crowded.

The disc harrow is a good implement with which to prepare corn land for winter wheat.

In applying manure to wheat, pains should be taken to keep reasonably near the surface.

Have the ground for wheat in a good tilth and be ready to sow the seed reasonably early.

By beginning on the young tree and following it up very little real pruning will be necessary.

With peaches a reasonably elevated site and a warm, sandy soil is necessary to secure the best success.

If brush or litter is allowed to lay around in the orchard it will afford a harboring place for vermin.

If it can be kept clean and dry the floor for the poultry house is dry earth, make it a few inches higher than the outside.

Whenever a tree or plant is out of the ground it is in a dying stage and every precaution should be taken to protect the roots.

In pruning remove buds or small sprouts not needed rather than wait until they have developed and then cut them off.

Rightly managed a flock of guineas can readily be made profitable on the farm, although they are not a good market fowl.

Any good corn land that is not too low can readily be made to produce profitable crops of raspberries and blackberries.

Raising poultry is working with something that has life in it—the fowls are not inanimate objects; they appreciate the care one gives them.

In making a selection of trees it is well to remember that trees that may be grown successfully in one locality will often be a failure in another.

See that a good corn crib is provided before the corn is ready to harvest. After a crop is grown it seems poor economy to waste it after harvesting.

The work of raising poultry is above all else a healthy occupation for women. There is no strain upon any particular portion; both mental and physical, is given a genial, healthy exercise.

The poultry business will never be overdone in either of its branches. The supply of market poultry may in years to come equal the demand, but it will never in our day exceed it, and in the line of thoroughbred poultry the fancier's taste for higher ideals will grow with the perfecting of sections they are now striving for.

Notes.

The loss to manure by leaching often equals two-fifths.

The farmer who has only such stock about him as meets his fancy and not his necessities makes a mistake.

The straw shed can be made comfortable for all kinds of growing animals and is far preferable to fence corners.

The difference between leached and unleached ashes is that the latter contains but little potash.

Where there is a good supply of roughness it will nearly always pay to buy mill feed and oil meal.